

STATE NOTES.

Mrs. David Kehoe, a powerfully built woman, who resides with her husband in Paterson, saw a burly thief enter her room at about 2 o'clock on Thursday morning. Instead of getting frightened Mrs. Kehoe leaped from her bed and grappled with the intruder, throwing him to the floor and holding him tightly until her husband was aroused by her calls and appeared with his revolver. Mr. Kehoe guarded the robber while Mrs. Kehoe ran out and found a policeman. The burglar, when taken to the station, gave his name as Thomas Riley and claimed to be a resident of Paterson. The police, however, have been unable to identify him.

The cold weather of Tuesday night and the frequent snow squalls of Wednesday did much damage to the crops along the Washington Valley. All kinds of vegetables have been blighted, while the strawberry farmers have sustained severe losses.

Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, had a dangerous experience last Sunday in the east channel of the East River off Ravenswood. He was sailing down the river in his steam yacht, in company with several friends, when the craft became unmanageable. The yacht, as it was drifting shoreward, was caught by the launch of the Seawanhaka Boat Club, which was on its way to the Ravenswood Boat Club, whose float lay a short distance away. The launch took the Governor's craft in tow, and landed those on board of it on the boat club's float. When the Ravenswood boys learned who the party were, they gave them a royal reception. The boys say the Governor drank Long Island lager with zest. He also witnessed the sport that followed while his boat was being repaired.

Mrs. Silas W. Wilson, of New Brunswick, was struck by a bat in the hands of a boy who was playing ball on the street on Saturday last. The bat struck her on the left temple, and she was unconscious for several hours. The attending physician expects the full recovery of the patient.

John Van Houten, a farmer, with his two daughters, was driving to his home at Willard Park near Paterson last Saturday night, when the horse became unmanageable and backed into the Passaic River. Van Houten was drowned, but his daughters saved themselves by jumping just before the river was reached.

The Essex Passenger Railroad Company broke ground on Valley road, West Orange, last week for their tracks. It is intended to push the work to completion as rapidly as possible. Three gangs are to be put on the work—one at the Eagle Rock end, one at the Lincoln Avenue end and one between the two. It is expected that the work will be completed in a month.

The family of William Lawler, of Bay Avenue, Montclair, lost their fourth and last child last night of diphtheria.

Citizens of Atlantic Highlands are up in arms against the liquor dealers and will oppose the granting of liquor licenses by the courts at Freehold. The Board of Trade has unanimously passed resolutions against the sale of liquor. Many residents, it is expected, will oppose granting licenses.

Miles Smith, a wealthy farmer of Ten Mile Run, sat down last Wednesday on a chair upon which a newspaper was lying. Under the newspaper was the family cat, which bit Mr. Smith's right hand severely. Little attention was paid to the hurt until Friday, when the hand and arm became greatly swollen, and the medical man called found that blood poisoning had set in. There is no hope of his recovery.

Nellie Wilcox, aged eleven years, on Tuesday took a dinner pill to her uncle, Henry Wilcox, a laborer employed on the docks of the Pocahontas Coal Company, in Hoboken. While the two were standing together, the wind overturned a pile of lumber near them. The falling timber killed the girl and fatally injured the man.

The Views of a Peasant.

Now is the time that the city man moves to the suburbs to live, if he intends to do so at all. On his way out he meets a great many fellow-mortals coming in, who went out last spring, now having, in the majority of cases, engaged houses or flats somewhere below Fourteenth Street; but this does not deter him—he is led only by a beautiful vision of a white cow on a green grass plot, and the sad experience of those who have found what a hollow mockery the vision is cannot change him in his set purpose. Perhaps he intends to go into the country to live and commune with nature and the cow for the summer only. The question arises: Is the summer the best time in which to live in the suburbs? It may seem to the reader that there can be no possible question on this point, but we think that there may be. In short, it would not surprise us if it could be proved that the sensible man should live in the suburbs in the winter and move to the city in the summer.

It scarcely seems possible, of course, that people could have been making such a mistake all of these years as that of living out of town at the wrong season of the year, though it certainly looks as if they had when the matter is examined closely. Take, for instance, the item of mosquitoes—they are at their worst in the summer. True, the low but deadly hum of the mosquito is heard in certain parts of a neighboring State, which shall be nameless, even in winter, but they

are comparatively harmless then, and in most places are unknown at that season. It is the same with malaria—it is in the summer that it smites its victims—in the winter it is usually frozen up. In the matter of fresh air, which lures many from city to country, the summer can bear no comparison whatever to the winter. Any one who has ever examined suburban air knows how much fresher it is in the winter than in the summer.

The country is said to be cooler than the city in the summer, but this is a mistake, and one recognized by no one so plainly as the suburban dweller who twice every day consumes the half hour necessary to accomplish the ten minutes' walk from his house to the railway station under the broiling sun and along the dusty road. In the winter this walk becomes a delight and gives new life to all who take it. So, too, the ride to the suburbs in the summer is hot and dusty, but in the winter it is pleasant.

It is in the summer that the suburban cellar becomes filled with water and the refrigerator floats about like some great leviathan of the deep, and bumps its back against the floor, so that you cannot sleep at night—never in the winter. It is in the summer that the suburban tramp makes his appearance and frightens your family—never in the winter. It is in the summer that the suburbs are infested by droves of picnickers, who come into your front yard and consume their sandwiches and beer and throw their greasy newspapers and empty bottles on your front porch—never in the winter. The lightning strikes your suburban house in the summer, the roof leaks in the summer, the neighbors' dogs bite your children in the summer. The fresh eggs, milk and vegetables of the suburbs come by way of the city summer or winter, but in the summer the weather has had more effect upon them. The suburban servant girl is much more apt to leave in the summer, being attracted and led away, doubtless, by congenial picnickers, using sandwiches and beer for bait. What, then, remains to be said in favor of the suburban summer as against the suburban winter? Positively nothing—people have simply been making a mistake ever since they began to live in the country in the summer and in the city in the winter.

So we find that the New Yorker should secure apartments of some kind on the cool side of a quiet street, not too far from an elevated station, and not too far uptown. There let him pass the summer, visiting the park often, on the cooler days, and Coney Island once. Then about the middle of next November let him go to the suburbs and pass a quiet and healthful winter, joining no literary societies and keeping no cow, and a year from now will find him ready to return to the city for the summer and to repeat the programme year after year till he dies at a ripe old age, honored and loved by all who know him.

—Tribune.

Mr. Beach Went Away Disgusted.
William H. Beach, president of the Hudson County Methodist Alliance, was invited to deliver an address to the members of the Greenville Young Men's Christian Association on Tuesday night. His address was a surprising one to the association. The members of this organization have a fine gymnasium, and they have cultivated physical welfare there as well as spiritual, and they view their hardened muscles with pride.

Considerable indignation was expressed after Mr. Beach had substantially said: "I propose to tell you this evening how I would manage the Greenville Y. M. C. A. if I had control over it. In the first place, I would throw out all the gymnasium apparatus in the place. These chest-weights, rowing-machines and parallel bars that you have here are all good enough in their way, but they have no place in a Young Men's Christian Association. I would also prohibit playing baseball. I paid a visit to the gymnasium of the Tabernacle Athletic Association a few evenings ago, and I found a billiard-table there. Two young men, who showed by their actions that they had come from a district not much better than the Bowery in New York, were playing. They banged their heads on the floor, and it could be plainly seen that they had been brought up in the saloons. I left disgusted."

The Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Tabernacle, was asked what he had to say concerning the remarks of Mr. Beach, and he replied: "I do not know who William H. Beach is, and the notions he holds in this enlightened age are so antiquated and preposterous that they are not worth combatting."

Mr. Scudder added that he would not notice the remarks at all had Mr. Beach not made uncalculated reflections on the Tabernacle Athletic Association, which, he said, "were as untrue as uncalculated for." Mr. Scudder said he believed that if the Greenville Young Men's Christian Association should throw away their gymnasium and disband their baseball team it would be a mistake, and that if Mr. Beach ran a Young Men's Christian Association on his plan it would soon burst up.

"Mr. Beach represents a class of people who retard the kingdom of Christ by denouncing things which are innocent in themselves," continued Mr. Scudder, adding that God intended all to play and be strong. He added that the members of his baseball team were gentlemen fit for him to associate with and play ball with.

WHIST-PLAYING ON TRAINS.

Regular travel to and from homes in the suburbs, and some of the actual boundaries of the suburbs of New York city, must observe the rush of the commuters who get on the railroad trains at the various stations, each with a set purpose of passing the interval of time in what he considers the most profitable way. Some will make a rush for a full seat in the regular coaches, and if another person, especially an Italian woman with a babe and three or four bundles in her lap, drops in the seat beside him, his brow will roll itself into deep corrugations. These men will employ themselves reading the morning newspaper, and perhaps a few will sit and simply look out at or drop off into a nap. Others will make a dive for the smoking-car or the baggage-car, and it may be at once concluded that they have no intention of resting or conversing with their neighbors, but are bent on whist-playing, a custom that has become general and is likely to become universal.

The great corporations who provide transportation for the commuters to and from their various employments in the Metropolis have come to understand that it is demanded of them that they furnish facilities for recreation during the fifteen, twenty or thirty miles of travel each day, and this recreation is card-playing. But it is rare, indeed, that a game is played for a stake, great or small; and should this be done openly so as to come to the knowledge of the railroad, it would be stopped at once by the officers. Hence, card-playing on the railroad trains is, as a rule, an innocent pastime. The commuter who indulges in a game of cards each morning and each afternoon has no desire to question the pre-eminence of wickedness of any of his fellow-creatures, and is willing to atone for his own "sinfulness" by a frank and free confession. In fact, the practice of card-playing with these fellow-travellers is so innocent that no individual player feels it necessary to clothe himself at once with the full measure of guilt as he would put on a ready-made garment.

An incidental observer of these card-playing commuters might conclude that there are three different grades, forced upon them by their financial circumstances. Yet this matter of finances is not what governs, for the man who can afford to pay \$50 or \$100 a year for his annual commutation to and from his country home can hardly be said to be a victim of poverty. The smoking-cars, and there are two on most of the trains, are fitted with small tables, and the struggle to be first in the seats as the train draws up to the station suggests anything else than a game of cards.

Other groups will rush for the baggage-car, where will be found lapboards and camp-chairs provided and cared for by the baggage-master, to whom each quartet gives a "counshaw" of a dollar a week for this courteous duty. And the baggage-master is careful to see that none other than the regular players have the use of these boards and chairs.

But some demand or seek more exclusive and luxurious privileges by having a car solely to themselves. For instance, there are about thirty of the commuters on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad from Stamford to New York who pay for and enjoy the luxury of a special car, and for which each commuter pays the company \$50 a year in addition to the regular fare. This car is attached to the train which leaves Stamford at 7:45 o'clock each morning, arriving at the Grand Central Station at 8:50 o'clock and returns at 5:02 o'clock in the afternoon. It is completely furnished with tables, seats, cards, wash-stands, towels, soap, etc., thus giving every requisite desired. And no person other than the members of this whist club, except upon invitation of one of the members, is permitted to ride in the car, no matter how many passengers there may be on the train. It is, for the time being, the personal property of the players. —Tribune.

Some of the most prominent shopkeepers of Vineland were arrested on Tuesday on warrants charging them with violating the city ordinance in keeping their stores open on Sunday. Among those arrested are Councilman Ralph Weston, who keeps a cigar store and sells Sunday papers, and Township Clerk T. B. Ross, proprietor of a fruit and candy store. The complaints were signed by Dr. C. E. Welch, who employed a Philadelphia detective to get evidence.

The East Jersey Water Company filed with the County Clerk last week a mortgage for \$3,000,000 in favor of Harris Fahnestock, of New York, and Charles Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, as trustees for the mortgage bondholders. The property mortgaged includes the entire Pequannock watershed, together with the works, water rights and franchises, and the privileges acquired by the corporation. It is the largest mortgage ever recorded in Passaic County.

The Plainfield Soldiers' Monument Committee organized as an incorporated body on Monday night by the action of the following officers: President, Colonel Mason W. Tyler; Vice-president, J. Evans Tracy; secretary, N. B. Bunyon; treasurer, John E. Stone. Arrangements were made to erect a monument to a memorial shaft of the war, and design to be erected in the town square.

A Pretty Garden Ornament.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vines, mandarin, sweet pea or anything that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning glory, canary bird vine and other twenty footers, are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seed, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorative, and to see such an object standing there week after week, waiting for its clothes, does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella; and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some member of the family, however, may be able to produce one, and then it should be immediately stripped of the few tatters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower, studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that every one exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright colored phlox or candytuft. With a long spouted watering pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their highest green tips, and this would keep them fresh.—Harper's Young People.

New Uses for an Old Material.

Peat, used for fuel from the earliest times, and long known to be of great value as a fertilizer, now finds so many other applications that its preparation has developed into an industry. Peat powder is serviceable, not only about stables but elsewhere, on account of its absorbent and somewhat antiseptic properties and low cost. A French surgeon introduced this powder, treated with antiseptic solutions and contained in a cloth bag, as a dressing for wounds. "The idea," said to be a very old one among the working people of some places, was improved upon by another medical man of Paris, Dr. Redon, who made a soft and pliable wadding of peat. Other dressings have since crowded these out of hospitals, though the peat applications are coming into use and gaining in favor among veterinary surgeons. Dr. Redon's wadding has yielded important results by leading to many efforts to produce woven fabrics, so that peat is now made into mattresses, coverings, carpets, etc., which are esteemed on account of their power of absorption.—Iron.

Which Was the Girl?

Two young girls who were considered bright scholars in the high school were looking over a birthday book, which was arranged alphabetically, a handsome, illuminated letter forming the heading for each page.

"I wonder," said one of the girls, "if there are just as many pages as there are letters in the alphabet, or whether there are some duplicates? Count the pages and see, Maude."

Maude turned the leaves rapidly and announced: "There are no duplicates; only thirty pages, just as there are letters."

"Why, you goose!" said Alice, "you'd better go back to primary school. Don't you know there are only twenty-four letters in the alphabet?"—Youth's Companion.

A Train Problem.

It is seldom indeed that the following question is answered correctly offhand: A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting five days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from New York to San Francisco?

About ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would say five trains, as a matter of course. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are five trains on the way to begin with. Consequently the traveler will meet not five trains but ten.—New York Tribune.

Greedy Foreigners.

All excursionists agree as to the avidity with which those "furriners" seize on to good, hard, honest American gold. A Springfield man was bargaining for a parrot in a Havana bird store. The price was set at seventeen dollars, but the dealer shaded it down, a few dollars at a time. Finally the American took out a United States five dollar gold piece, remarking that he would give so much and no more. The dealer clutched the coin, and passed over the parrot, cage and all, before the gay bird could wink.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Botanical Curiosity.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanical society the secretary brought to the notice of members a portion of a large popular lately blown down in the gardens, showing a network of roots running almost round the trunk, between the bark and wood, at some distance from the ground. The plant had apparently derived its nourishment not from the soil, but from the decaying portions of itself. —Pall Mall Budget.

Peculiarity of Chinese Law.

If a Chinese boy were to kill a parent he would be burned alive at the stake in punishment for such an unnatural and horrible crime. But over the life of his children a father has absolute control, and can murder one of them and never incur the least penalty at the hands of the law.—Philadelphia Times.

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